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and
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The Miserable

Soon
to arrive, soon
to commence, ruffled in the air not
the sleeve, but your arm
Quavering The upright posture of the air
ordains this So you wave it onward
And that element adjunct to you
wavers also, adjacent, alongside, aswell, unsure

you will become the presence of the day

you will be its reflection

signaling the sky with your gaping mouth

one foot within the sun's print

you grab at possibilities while you clutch nothing

you elbow your way into the light

Interminable, to fret, looking for
the word that will console “grief” by rhyming with it
Hunger floats down from above, settles
on your torso Hunger There, where
it is fused with your blouse, the surface of your belief
always, in the descent–

the eye opens the waking universe

is annoyed by the staring, but here you sit, here I

sit by you, gnawing the core fruit, the day, eating

by light or in semi-darkness (who will choose?)

bite by bite as must be,

starting at the edge or moving into the

juiciest middle first (who to choose that?)

what one holds, what better two might

Imminent Now we know the rhyme scheme, and so
I say it again: immanent
Learn to ignore the interior scribblings, center, it's ‘core fruit’
that makes for conventional appetites
The day is about to come Stay back from the acceptable
Be the victim of your thirst

it starts for us all but it is not refreshed
it is encased in repetition
you are going there
while I am here and there I am going to where
you might be so we might meet safely
again in some offered sameness
we hold a tool, a cup of flour, a book

Put on your body Arrival puts forth
the frugal emphasis of love Cranky, immanent,
the mouth finally ajar The breath arriving, as it should,
dutiful

to one dream given to lingering
the sun is too bright it casts down
and catches us downcast I begin as you
and then think backwards